

To Be A Slayer: Chapter Two

by Charisma

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-06-24 08:00:00
Updated: 1999-06-24 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:23:16
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,282
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Where is Lejla from and what does she want?

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"Hi Angel baby. Watcha doing? I can't sleep." The voice said as people hurried past.

On the alternate end of the phone Angel replied "Thinking of you. What's all that noise in the background? You having a party without me??" He grounded for effect. She could tell he was doing his renowned puppy-go-eyes-look.

"Angel" She cooed. "It is the TV. Would I party without you? You rock my world remember!?" Lejla grinned to herself. Angel felt the intense memory rush upon him again. They were good together no doubt about it, and they had only met 3 days ago, on the Friday night.

"Angel, honey. I gotta go" She said, her voice rich with her Portuguese accent, her English surprisingly good. "Til Tonight my sweet."

"Mmh" Was all Angel could manage as he imagined what they would do that night

Buffy appeared from the locker she had her head in. Of course, it wasn't actually her's, but Lejla didn't need to know that just yet.

"So who ya talking to?" Buffy nosed. Trying her best to sound jokey and friendly yet all the while her nerves were jangling. _'Angel' why did that name cause so much pain. Such deeply cutting pain. Was it

possible for her loveless heart to be trampled on any more?_ She thought. How wrong she would be.

"Oh, just my brother." Lejla explained.

"You talk to him in English?" Buffy raised her expertly plucked eyebrows in suspicion.

"Oh yeah, we must practice too you know!"

"An' Angel's ya bro then?" Her heart ached at the memories.

"No, that's my dog." Lejla stifled a giggle. " I talk to him a lot. We have only been in this country for a week and my dog and brother are all I have in the world." She added a touch more sombrely. Buffy shifted her weight on her right foot and then to her left. She was uncomfortable, no doubt about it, and Lejla realised this and took full advantage. Crocodile tears began to glass over her almond shaped eyes.

"Let's grab lunch!" Buffy blurted out before she had an emotional scene on her hands. Lejla smiled silently to herself

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Cafeteria

**

"We Bronzing it tonight guys?" Buffy enquired. She really didn't feel like hearing Lejla talk about her-perfect "little self, or for that matter, listening to Cordy harp on about her latest nail polish. Buffy had had enough when she had begun blabbering on about "Plantation" the previous week. A thought struck the Slayer like lightning to a tree. She was jealous. She, the Chosen One, Ok now 1 of 2, was having envious feelings towards someone she barely knew. _Woah!!!!_ She thought_. "I gotta start lighening up " watch some quality TV, Jerry Springer of something."_

"and so we drink flat latÃ@s and listen to totally cool music. It's way!" Xander mimicked Cordelia in his best 'Cher-Clueless' voice.

"And where is this metal place?" They laughed. God did her english need some desperate medical attention.

"Bronze. I'll drive you there. You're almost as gorgeous as meand that defines travelling in style!" Cordy said, eyes wide as saucers. She really believed herself sometimes, it amazed Willow. The rest of the Scooby Gang rolled their eyes. Lejla laughed a little. It seemed she understood more than she could say.

"I'd rather walk. I need the exercise." All their jaws dropped. _My God!! She **wants** to have an oxygen debt?. Europe is **way** weirder than I first thought _Cordelia reasoned silently. After the momentary silence everyone returned to mindless banter. Xander started to say something about vampires but was cut off by a swift kick from Buffy. He flinched, went to say something, but took the hint. Buffy shot Xander a

'you-have-to-be-careful-what-you-say-loud-mouth!!!' look. Sooner or later another Slayer would arrive in Sunnydale and then the pressure would ease off Buffy. Until then it looked like she was back to good old executive burn out. _The Christmas present I **didn't** get_. She thought sarcastically.

Some 30 minutes later, after having completely exhausting themselves by trying to teach Lejla U.S. slang like 'the wiggins', the Slayerettes plus one rose from the table and departed in their separate directions. Cordelia propelling Lejla down the corridor towards the 'better', i.e. elite, girls bathroom; Xander and Willow towards their French and Computer class respectively. They walked in sync jovially shoving each other for amusement and attracting strange stares from loitering students.

Buffy wanted so much to have someone she too was so deeply connected to. Sure she had Xander and Willow, even Cordelia and Oz at times, not to mention Gilesâ€¦..he could be quite understanding for an ancient guy. Oh how her heart screamed out in terrifying pain for **that** ancient guy _I loved him with his last soulful kiss and I still love him now. I want to die. I have no reason to go on. What's left for me? No one needs me. I just want to be with him. To be held in his strong embrace for eternityâ€¦.. I want to die._ Buffy felt close to tears at this point. Her eyes welled, her chin quivered. _And I'm supposed to slay vampires? I can barely deal with my own fleeting hormones, let alone deliver roundhouses._ She headed for the Library subconsciously, with a free and nothing to do where else would she go? That evil gnome Synder would be after her. That, hormones **and** the undead she **totally** couldn't deal with.

Buffy entered the Library. By the time she had arrived she had pretty much stabilised her torrent of emotions and was more concerned with the forth Slayer. "She'll only die y'know. We all did." Giles wandered out from the stacks, pushing his glasses up to nearly meet his brow.

"Hmm??"

"The next will only die. I did. Kendra did. Now Faith. It's a vivid circle."

"Vicious Circle." Giles corrected. "Quite possibly." He then added to her blunt yet precise statement. "However, let us not forget you're still here. And a pleasure it I stoo."

"Ha ha" Buffy mock laughed. So is she here yet? â€" is she any good? - where's from?â€¦..what does she look like?â€¦|â€¦| " She trailed off into a small voice.

"Believe it or not, â€¦|as Faith died so, uh, unexpectedlyâ€¦|. she hadn't been appointed a Watcher. Normally the Watcher's Council devotes a Watcher to each Slayer-in-training. Although none are actually..erm..uh..what one might call 'Full Slayers' quite obviously. The Watcher does the pre-research on them and keeps up to date with paranormal activity and.. am I babbling??" He asked noticing Buffy's prominent 'BORING!!!' face.

"Yuh huh! Basico this Slayer doesn't have Watcher, poss. Doesn't know she's really a Slayer and is anywhere when I need her HERE!!!!" Buffy's whole body shook. She felt her emotionally violent outer

persona "Hormonal, Irrational Buffy" surface.

End
file.